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AMUSEMENTS FOR TODAY.

Salt Lake—"The County Chairman."
Orpheum—Vaudeville.
Lyric—Matinee and night, "Baltimore Beauties."

WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.

Scattered showers.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Discussion of the public school system, such as interests the Salt Lake people just now, is good for the schools if only because of the study of conditions it incites and the added attention it attracts from parents of children in attendance on the schools. So far, the question most widely thrust upon the public is as to the value of the educational system in vogue. Does it fit the young people to be good citizens? Does it prepare them for self-support and the practical duties of life? In a word, does it pay in the broadest sense of the word?

Allowing for the natural conservatism of men which deprecates any change in the system to which they were accustomed in childhood, it must be evident that the results justify doubt as to the practicability of the present system. The closest observation will convince any student of results that somewhere the system falls short, in that the boys and girls who pass through the schools are not equipped for practical usefulness without long preliminary experience in some workaday vocation. It is a common observation that graduates of the schools, even the High school, do not show the capacity for logical thought, intelligent grasp of details and clear expression which their years of education ought to produce. The average grammar school graduate is seldom able to express himself in good English, he lacks the power of logical, consecutive, constructive thought. More than this, a graduate of the High school can seldom be found who is able to go directly into commercial life and earn even a meager living from the outset.

* * *

The commercial test may not be the ideal standard of the pedagogue; but it is the final test in a large majority of the cases tried by the world. Good citizenship and high standards of right are necessary products of any effective education; but the training which throws a boy or girl upon the world unable to meet its demands and obligations, is in the ultimate result, a failure.

Nearly all foreign critics of American schools, especially the Germans, have dwelt upon the impracticability of the system in vogue. It has been said time and again, that the boys and girls turned out by the American schools have a fixed distaste for manual labor, an aversion for the hard beginnings of practical life which lead to genuine success, and a total ignorance of the problems which confront them when they leave school for the harder teaching of the outside world.

Whether this is wholly just or not, there is enough of truth in it to call for an earnest effort to remedy the evils complained of. Naturally, the leaders of pedagogical work follow in one general direction. Being students themselves, they fail to realize fully the popular need and demand for a more rational education—one that shall simplify studies but harden the discipline for minds; one that shall give a child thorough instruction in a few great subjects rather than give him a confused smattering of knowledge in a large number of subjects. If the layman is at all competent to judge, the whole tendency of modern public school education has been to render the acquisition of knowledge easy and superficial, rather than to give the growing mind strength and fibre and habits of severe self-discipline.

Salt Lake, in common with every city in the country, has suffered from this tendency; and Salt Lake, like most other American cities, is beginning to get restless and wonder where the fault lies and how it can be corrected. In our judgment, the first and most radical need of the public schools is an extension of the manual training system, followed by the elimination of superfluous studies, the simplification of methods and a return to the belief that one subject thoroughly taught is worth a dozen taught in fragments and digested not at all.

* * *

The Germans have found the secret of educational success in thoroughness, and the adaptation of instruction to the future demands on the individual. They have a coherent, definite plan by which the whole nation is taught those things which go to make national success in commercial and professional life. The success of their idea is being demonstrated in every quarter of the globe today; and while the German system is inflexible and could not be used in America without modification, it is based on sound principles well worth consideration. In technical education, particularly, the Germans are making faster progress than any nation in the world; and their technical skill and thoroughness is the foundation of the empire's greatness today.

There is no reason why Salt Lake should not strike out on new lines for itself in public school methods and adapt its system to its environment and the peculiar needs of the region surrounding the city. For one thing, it should aim at the preparation of pupils for the university technical schools, for the mining school which will be one of the greatest in the country within a decade. Boys should be trained with a view to the opportunities which will await them right here on graduation; for the railroad service, which will demand thousands of capable men; for mining, and smelting, for mechanical and civil engineering, as well as for the law and medicine.

That is to say, the public school system ought to be adapted to the conditions as they exist here—and not as they may exist theoretically in New York or Chicago or Boston. We believe there is a great opportunity in this direction for the educators of Utah and its cities; and we believe they would find an enlightened public sentiment behind them in any effort they might make to revolutionize their present methods along the line suggested.

WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS.

The legal battle being waged in the Idaho courts for the liberation of the accused miners' union officials on writs of "habeas corpus," has moved a subscriber of The Herald to inquire into the meaning, history and origin of the writ.

The history of the writ dates first from the time the Magna Charta was wrested from King John at Runnymede. The Magna Charta contained a provision that no free man could be held in prison, save on a charge or conviction of crime or for debt, and every prisoner on a criminal charge could demand as a right from the court of the king's bench the issuance of a writ of "habeas corpus," which bound his jailer to produce in court both the prisoner and the warrant upon which he was arrested, so that the court might inquire whether he was imprisoned according to law.

Later, however, English courts and rulers began to ignore the rights guaranteed by the writ, and men were imprisoned without due process of law and without redress. During the struggle between King Charles II and the parliamentary party, after long agitation, a new habeas corpus act was passed in 1679 which is part of the law of England today, and which is a guarantee of liberty to every English subject.

This new act freed the old provision of the Magna Charta from all difficulties and technicalities. Every prisoner committed for any crime save treason or felony was declared entitled to his writ, even in the vacations of the courts, and heavy penalties were provided for judges and jailers who refused him the right. Every person committed for treason or felony was entitled to be released on bail, unless indicted at the next session of "gaol delivery" after his commitment, and to be discharged if not indicted at the session which followed.

The constitution of the United States preserved to the American people the right of the writ. The constitution says:

"The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require."

So, under the English law and the American constitution, every English-speaking subject or citizen who may be arrested or imprisoned for an offense is entitled forthwith to have the legality of his arrest inquired into by a court of competent jurisdiction, unless such arrest occurs "in cases of rebellion and invasion."

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

The suggestion of the Ladies' Literary club that the board of education elect Mrs. William C. Jennings to fill the vacancy on the board from the Fourth precinct, is a good one and it is hoped Mr. Thomas, who is to name his colleague, will follow the suggestion.

Mrs. Jennings has had the training, education and practical experience to qualify her for intimate knowledge of school needs. Added to these, she has executive capacity, energy and sound judgment. Apart from her personal fitness for the position, her election would give the women of the city representation on the board for the first time in its history, and would be accepted by them as a recognition of their right to have a voice on the management of the schools to which they are entitled.

It goes without saying that a woman of Mrs. Jennings' experience would be of value to the board in a practical way. On some subjects she would be better qualified to express an expert opinion than any man could; and on any subject her view would be entitled to weight as an educator.

Utah may be going to the demnition bow-wows, as some of its politicians declare, daily, but you can't make anybody else believe it.

The French ministry is running a close second to Santo Domingo in lightning change government.

Salt Lake had a few dust storms yesterday to show just how much Street Supervisor Raleigh isn't doing.

It takes a strong constitution to survive a week of California hospitality, as Mr. Schwab will testify.

WITH THE STATE PRESS.

One on "Arth."

(Vernal Express.)

Last week Emily Richens presented her husband with a fine boy. Their previous one was "two" so "Arth" has been preparing for the occasion by providing his wife with an extra sewing machine; now he has two machines and only one baby and feels quite disappointed.

He Just Dropt Them.

(Fillmore Progress-Review.)

District Attorney Melville dropped his wife and two little ones with friends here, while he answered a hurried call to Beaver.

Editor Saving Money.

(Richfield Reaper.)

If a man has but one shirt he never owes a big wash bill.

John Price's Great Trouble.

(Wasatch Wave.)

Someone has absent-mindedly taken a pair of double trees from John Price's new wagon which he had stored for the winter in Joseph Turner's barn. John bears no malice, but says if the backslider will return the double trees he will present him with the neckyoke.

New Building Material.

(Lehi Banner.)

Charles Ohran left for Sugar City Tuesday noon. Mr. Ohran will manufacture brick and do a general contracting and building business in Sugar this year.

An Editor's Reverie.

(Box Elder News.)

During the long winter evenings, and some stormy days, when the farmer stays with his family by the fireside; when there are some nice vegetables in the cellar and also plenty of home-grown fruits and a good dish of fine red cheeked apples on the table, then is about the best time to make calculations for the coming season.

Some Advantage in Being Dead.

Colonel Henry Watterson tells of the astonishment and chagrin with which a certain well known citizen of Louisville, named Jenkins, read a long obituary of himself printed in a morning paper of that city. He at once proceeded to the editorial office of the paper, and, after much difficulty, succeeded in obtaining audience of the busy city editor. Laying a copy of the paper before him, he observed in a mild, almost humble way, that he had come to see if the city editor could "tell" him "anything about it."

"With a snort of impatience, the busy editor grasped the paper and hastily read the article. "It appears to be an obituary of one Jenkins," he growled. "What is there to 'tell' about it? What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Oh, nothing especially," responded the mild Jenkins, "only I thought I'd like to know how the obituary came to be printed—that's all."

"Came to be printed?" repeated the editor, in irritated tones; "why the man died, of course. My paper doesn't print obituary notices of living men."

"Perhaps not, as a rule," gently replied the visitor, "but, in this case, I happen to be the Jenkins referred to."

Thereupon the city editor began a profuge apology. "We'll print a correction at once," he said.

"Well, after all," observed the mild Jenkins, "perhaps 'twould be better to let it stand. I'll show it to my friends when they try to borrow money of me."

HER SILK STOCKING INITIAL.

(New York World.)

Fifth avenue had a breathless moment yesterday afternoon when a tall, well-groomed young woman with a delicious tilt to her nose and a love of a tailor gown swung across Thirty-eighth street with a man in tow. As her foot cleared the curb she caught up her gown.

A passer-by—male variety—looked down and gave a gasp. Another saw and a laugh was smothered in his throat. When a third snicker was heard the angry escort turned about, blood in his eye, to be confronted with the cause of this unseemly mirth.

There on her black stocking just above the rim of the daintiest boot appeared in startling white, the letters "O. K."

"Wha—what's that?" inquired the man in a faint voice.

The girl followed his eyes and replied briskly: "Oh, my initials, of course. Pretty design, isn't it?"

The girl was Miss Olga Kildare.

A Case for the Humane Society.

(Harper's Weekly.)

A Philadelphia real estate broker purchased an automobile last summer, and proceeded industriously to familiarize himself with its mechanical construction.

After a week's coaching under the guidance of a chauffeur, the broker determined one evening to take a spin into the country without his tutor. He decided to ride slowly. And to insure against being helplessly stalled on a lonely road, he fastened the family horse to the rear of the auto, so that it could tow the machine home in case of a breakdown.

The auto chucked along gently, when of a sudden the horse swayed and was dragged to earth.

"Poor horse!" muttered the broker, sorrowfully, as he stepped from the car; "it's utterly exhausted."

"Exhausted!" snorted a passing farmer, as he sniffed the oily atmosphere; "you mean asphyxiated."

ALL GONE.

(Harper's Weekly.)

The editor of a paper in Richmond tells of the assignment given to a young woman in the employ of that journal to cover the wedding of the daughter of a well known citizen.

The "society editor" was prevented by sickness from attending the ceremony, and so was obliged to make the best she could of a second-hand account of the festivities.

Early in the morning after the wedding the young woman repaired to the home of the bride's parents. To the darky who opened the door she said:

"I have called to get some of the details of the wedding."

An expression of intense regret came to the dusky countenance of the servant.

"I'se awful sorry, miss!" she exclaimed, "but dey is all gone. You oughter come last night. De company eat up every scrap!"

HIS WIFE'S MONEY.

(Atchison Globe.)

Once upon a time a man married a woman who had inherited $500 from a grandfather. This was all she ever received, but the man never got credit for his efforts the rest of his life. He built a new store. "Did it with his wife's money," the neighbors said. The home was made over and enlarged. "His wife's money did it," was the only comment. The little measly $500 she inherited was given the credit for everything he did during life, and when he died and his widow put up a monument with his life insurance, "Her money paid for that," was said again. But this is what her money really went for: During her engagement she bought herself a $350 piano and a $150 diamond ring. There was always some regret that she didn't lose the piano.

Eat your lunch in the Palm garden at the Royal.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

There is nothing so satisfactory in this life as to accomplish something without anyone's aid. A hearty mental vote of thanks to one's own self is the most inspiring sensation one can ever experience.

* * *

Too many mistake the commonplace for the common, and so fritter away their art in trivialities instead of realities.

* * *

I am a believer in intimacy between husband and wife—even that intimacy where politeness may be neglected. If I were a woman I would rather live with a man quarreling and bickering half the time and love-making the other half, than with a ceremony which precluded demonstration in any shape or form. The former mode of living is like eating palatable, if indigestible food, which makes it necessary to follow it up with bitter medicine. But the latter is like living on a monotonous diet of healthy porridge. Give me the mixture of tasty relishable indigestibles and bitter medicine!

* * *

The man who listens to another man's wife's domestic troubles is usually the cause of the greatest domestic infelicity.

* * *

To be the apologist of a fool is not an enviable position; but there is no doubt that it requires some cleverness.

* * *

I hate those women who, after two minutes' conversation, begin to discuss the servant question.

* * *

It is one of the distinctive characteristics of a "lady" to loll and have headaches. The servants are not supposed to have such an ailment.

* * *

She—Don't you think it absolutely wicked—degrading—to turn a brilliant flirt into a merely good domestic woman?

* * *

No woman experiences a greater thrill of pleasure than a plain woman who has a particularly handsome husband who declares and vows that she is beautiful.

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

* * *

Mr. Cohen, the play carpenter, has been interviewed as to his "methods." He says: "After I have finished one act I haven't any more idea than you have what the next one will be." There is nothing novel in this. Most of the producers of almost-art in this country belong to the jellyfish school. They haven't enough sense of proportion and construction to build a dog house.

* * *

The new Lippincott dictionary has been suspended at the letter E—just where we were beginning to get interested. Negotiations have been opened with Mr. Quiller-Couch for the completing of the work. Quiller-Couch, it will be remembered, finished Stevenson's "St. Ives" to the satisfaction of Stevenson's admirers, and we are confident that he would do a perfectly good job on the Lippincott romance.

* * *

Gadski says that Herr Conried is not an artist. Gad! who ever accused him of it?

* * *

The Sad Case of Mr. Greatheart.

The neighborhood was shabby in the extreme; and when I found the house number I sought and mounted four flights of creaking stairs, I was assured I had gone astray, that it was impossible Mr. Greatheart should live in such a place. When I rapped at a door on the top floor I was prepared to be informed that no person named Greatheart had a lodging there.

But when the door opened I perceived I had made a mistake. The grave, brave and kindy patient face that greeted me could belong to none other than Frank Greatheart, the famous publisher.

With gentle courtesy he signed me to be seated, and I stated my business, which was the preparation of a magazine article entitled "The Home Life of American Publishers."

"We live very simply, as you see," said Mr. Greatheart, waving a hand around the shabby but scrupulously clean apartment.

I murmured something about plain living and high thinking.

"Yes; this is the top floor," he said, quietly. "It is not a pretentious establishment, but our needs are few, and my wife's tastes are as simple as my own. May I ask you, sir, whether you have interviewed any other publisher in his home?"

I replied that I had not, that I had begun, as it seemed fitting, with Mr. Greatheart, America's most famous publisher, whose spring and fall catalogues contained more famous authors and Best Sellers than the lists of any two other publishers.

"And you assumed," he commented, "that I was a man of means with enough, say, to live in an apartment house and keep a carriage. I read that in your face as you entered."

I was obliged to confess that I expected to find a man of his position housed amid somewhat different surroundings.

"My income is barely sufficient for my daily needs," said Mr. Greatheart, with a trace of bitterness in his voice. "My wife, a noble woman, helps by doing sewing for the neighbors. Nor do I know of a single publisher who is in better circumstances than myself."

"You amaze me, sir!" I cried. "The popular impression is quite otherwise."

"The popular impression is usually wrong. I assure you, sir, that the American publisher places Literature above material prosperity, and esteems himself fortunate if he is able to provide for his family even so modest a home as that which you see before you."

"But surely," said I, "the profits of book-making were never greater than today."

"True. And royalties were never so high. The authors reap all the profits. It is they who occupy the apartment houses, who keep carriages, who are to be found in Capri, or Rome, or Paris, or cruising in their yachts through summer seas."

"But your great successes, your Best Sellers—"

"On a 15 or 20 per cent royalty the more Best Sellers I publish the more money I lose. It is only by publishing a magazine on the side that I contrive to keep the scales even. If I published nothing but successful novels I should be sold out by the sheriff, and my little wife would be without a roof for her head."

I was deeply affected, and for a space there was no sound in the room save the scratching of my pencil.

"How, sir," I asked presently, "do you account for the prosperity of Mr. Plates, the publisher, whom I know well. He lives in style and keeps his carriage. Perhaps he has an independent income."

"Plates is a printer, or a reprinter," replied Mr. Greatheart. "He issues only reprints of old books, which he sells in sets at a dollar a month. Dead authors ask no royalties. That is not being a publisher; that is not devoting one's life to the cause of Literature. One cannot serve both Literature and Mammon."

As Mr. Greatheart spoke these ringing words the door opened and his wife entered—a brave-faced little woman, plainly but neatly dressed. She had been to a delicatessen store, she explained, and smilingly, even gaily, exhibited her purchases—three kinds of sausage, rye bread and dill pickles. I must stay and take supper with them, she said.

But I was compelled to decline the invitation, as I already had a dinner engagement at the Waldorf with a famous Indiana author.

I was rather glad of it, I confess, for the dinner proved uncommonly good. But as I sat sipping my champagne and smoking the expensive cigars my host provided, the picture of Mrs. Greatheart doing her needlework by lamplight rose in my mind. And when my novelist friend informed me that he had just signed a contract with Mr. Greatheart for another book, on a flat royalty of 20 per cent, I felt so sorry for the publisher that I could barely murmer my congratulations. BERT LESTON TAYLOR.

CLEVER PARAGRAPHS.

Cheap at Half the Price.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Consider Senator Foraker's disinterestedness, his generous nature, his willingness to work hard to prevent legislation that might have a disastrous effect upon the people. An he does it for $5,000 a year!

Poor Lo Is Learning the Game.

(Philadelphia Press.)

A 12-year-old Indian lad has leased some oil land to the Standard company for $10,000 in cash and $100 a week royalty. The untutored mind of the Indian is evidently becoming a fiction of the past.

All Depends on the Point of View.

(Boston Transcript.)

Like Senator Depew, General Grosvenor has been an optimist, but he is now convinced that the country is bound for the "demnition bowwows" on the down grade.

And Carry His Own Foot Rail.

(Detroit Free Press.)

It would be a rare joke on the whisky trust if Dr. Wiley would patent a pocket distillery which would enable every man to make his own booze.

Or Ever Will Read.

(Baltimore Sun.)

Senator Aldrich forces the printing of 10,000 copies of the six-volume railway rate testimony, which probably no living man has yet read.

Is Bill Broke Already?

(New York Mail.)

Strangely enough, the kaiser has received no silver wedding present from the eminent globe trotter, William Jennings Bryan.

Maybe the Springfield Elevated.

(New York Evening Post.)

The old-time "underground railroad" through Ohio must have been merged with some southern combination.

Has the Right Idea.

(Washington Star.)

Philadelphia calls attention to the fact that pure drinking water is of more importance than pure food.

THE HOT WATER CURE.

Dr. William Osler is always exceedingly precise in his directions to patients, according to the Woman's Home Companion. He relates an experience which a brother practitioner once had which illustrates the dangers of lack of precision.

A young man one day visited this doctor and described a common malady that had befallen him.

"The thing for you to do," the physician said, "is to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning."

The patient took his leave and in a week returned.

"Well, how are you feeling?" the physician asked.

"Worse, doctor, worse, if anything," was the reply.

"Ah! Did you follow my advice and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?"

"I did my best, sir," said the young man, "but I couldn't keep it up more'n ten minutes at a stretch."

WHY HE SHUT HIS EYES.

(Philadelphia Record.)

"There was a canny Scotchman," said William A. Glasgow, jr., addressing the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish society at its banquet at the Bellevue-Stratford on Tuesday evening, "who always shut his eyes tight when he took his drink of Scotch whisky. Some one ventured one day to ask him why this was, and he replied: "Weel, I am feared to tak my dram wi' my een open lest my mouth water and the liquor be diluted." The American-Scotchman fought with both Grant and Lee during the civil war. The only division in the American clan was in 1861. Both the northern and southern Scotch-Irishman thought he was right and thinks so yet. I was in Washington the other day, and an old Alabama friend of mine said: "I'll swear to you that I was 19 years old before I knew that "Damn Yankee' wasn't all one word."

SAME OLD TOWN.

(Harper's Weekly.)

A traveling salesman whose "territory" lies in the southwest was one afternoon in the depot awaiting an eastbound train, when a flashily dressed person covered with cheap jewelry came into the waiting room from the platform, where he had been standing since the coming of the last train.

"Well, this old town hasn't changed a bit since I lived here," said he, by way of general observation, to the drummer and two or three natives of the place. "Everything just the same as it was fifteen years ago. Not a particle of change."

"I reckon that's about it, mister," replied an old fellow who was embracing a stove in the corner. Your leavin' it don't 'pear to have made much diff'rence in the durned old town."